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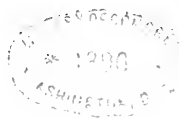
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In
Memoriam
Genl. Robt. C. Schenck

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Respectfully yours
Robt. C. Schenk

Major General Robert C. Schenck

Died at Washington, D. C., March 23, 1890.

A Memorial Service

was held in his honor

at the Grand Opera House, Dayton, Ohio, April 25th,

1890,

under the auspices of the Garfield Club,

of which he was an honorary member.


The following pages contain a record of the proceedings

at that service

which was participated in by the people of Dayton who desired

to honor the memory

of their most distinguished fellow citizen.



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Introductory Address by Col. E. A. Parrot.

Under the circumstances it would not be expected, and perhaps would not be proper for me to indulge in any remarks more than would be necessary to state the purpose of this meeting. We are not assembled to-night my friends as once we met in this very room, without distinction of party, to indulge in grief at the sudden taking off of the distinguished son of this state, President James A. Garfield. But we have come together to-night, first as the representatives of a political party, to acknowledge the able and long continued services of one who in his day was foremost among the leaders of that party, and then in a larger sense to honor the memory of our friend, our neighbor and our townsman, whose long life overrunning the Psalmist's mark, was a source of continual pride to us and was full of honor to himself. The book in which is written the glories of this republic has no page more illustrious than that which the State of Ohio has furnished. It glows with a fame that no lapse of time can dim. Her sons have served the nation in its Executive Department, in its representation at Foreign Courts, in the Senate, in the House of Representatives, and at the head of its victorious armies, and they made Ohio a name of renown and honor, and to-night we may justly congratulate ourselves upon the large contributions which the Miami Valley has made to this glorious roll of celebrated men. The occasion is suggestive of Thomas Corwin, and no name can justly be placed higher upon the list of distinguished men and no fame is richer than his. The intimate association in life of

Schenck and Corwin blends the memory of these two, and the names are mutually suggestive, each of the other. One of these was the Golden Mouthed Orator of his day. Among the reminiscences of the older men of this valley, none are richer in interest than those which relate to Corwin on the stump and in the court room, where as in the Senate Chamber, crowded audiences hung entranced upon his eloquence. He moved men at his will, to laughter or tears. He stirred every passion at pleasure that ennobles human nature. He was a great political master, and the life long friend of General Schenck. Differing so widely as they did in all mental characteristics, there is yet many points of resemblance between the careers of these two men. Both won their highest honors in the political field. Both occupied various highly responsible positions in that field. Both acquitted themselves in the offices to which they were respectively appointed or elected, with great advantage to the country and credit to themselves. General Schenck outlived his great and noble friend. He lived to see the day which Corwin only prophesied of. He lived to see the two opposing factions meet in armed collision. He lived to advance his political principles and prove his patriotism at the point of the sword, and to add to his distinguished reputation as a statesman, the distinction of the courageous and skillful soldier. He made a name which we will cherish and perpetuate. One of the immortal names that were not born to die.

PRAYER BY REV. W. O. HALE, D. D.

Almighty and Everlasting Father, hear us to-night; hear thou our prayer. We come to thee because thou hast heard us in other days and other years—in the years wherein we stood in darkness and turned to thee for light; when love of country and love of our friends and kinsmen and love of life, impelled us to seek thine aid; when only faith in thy word and in thy providence sustained us. Blessed be thy name in this place, in this nation, in all the earth, for thou hast delivered and we are glad.

We can not know thy majesty and glory, thy dominion or the ineffable perfection of thy character, but we can know thy love and righteousness. We can see thy fatherly hand in the present and in the past, and know that the God of battles has been our great Captain in the warfare of liberty. We behold the justice and truth of thy word, and rejoice in thy government, and seek thy glory.

We ask thy blessing upon us as we are assembled to commemorate the excellency of character of thy servant—the illustrious dead. We believe, as thou didst call Moses and Samuel and David and Jephthah, the great men of the long past, to lead thy people in progress and conquest, as thy power rested upon their swords,—so, too, upon the swords of our own great leaders,—thou didst bestow power to overcome; that they were thy servants even as Cyrus was thy servant, and that we owe to thee, our Father, the glory and the power and the kingdom. Thy servant went forth in our behalf, but in thy name. We honor the man, but take the crown of immortal fame to thine altars, O Lord

of Hosts! We thank thee for the victory and the glory and the integrity of the union. O God! we thank thee for the peace of this great, grand nation, for which so many gave up life. We stand to-night both in the light and shadows of the years of deadly strife, as when we came into our great churches and humble temples to plead with thee for the union, and we thank thee that there is no north or south, east or west, but one united, undivided, immortal people. Oh, bless our land, bless our people! Bind their States to thine altars; make all men thine own. Then our heroes shall not have suffered and died in vain. Bless, O God! our State, and accept, we beseech thee, our thanks for the honor thou didst bestow upon the sons of this our native state. When in peril we were in tears, but now in peace we shout thy praise, and in glad words proclaim our gratitude. It was in thy way that the solution of our woe was found; thou didst work by the hands of men. Leaders thou didst appoint, and we are grateful that it is in thy providence that these leaders were our neighbors and friends and brothers, and thus we are before thee. Bless these friends and neighbors of thy dead servant; be gracious to his kinsmen, and deal kindly with those whom he loved and who were of his own blood; the Lord make known to them his grace and tender mercy.

Are not all the names before thee that to mention move us to manly pride, and inspire our hearts to noble purposes for life and citizenship. Let thy spirit hover over this land and keep us, O God!

Bless the President of these United States, and direct thy servant, that he may rule over us in righteousness; that virtue, patriotism and prosperity may increase, and thy name and thy law be acknowledged supreme; that thanksgiving for all thy mercies, both known and unknown, may ascend night and day before thee.

May our laws be copies of thy will, and our law-makers men after thine own heart. Bless the Governor of this State, and be thou his counsellor, his sun and his shield.

Bless the widows and the orphans. Deal graciously with the wounded and the afflicted of that grand army of all America, whether victors or defeated. In mercy subdue all strife; in love make all love, and in power bestow a Father's blessing upon our whole land and every one of the land; and at last bring us into thy presence and we will then, as now, give thy name the glory of things temporal and spiritual eternally in Christ. AMEN.

LETTERS OF REGRET.

CINCINNATI, O., April 24, 1890.

H. A. CRANDALL, Esq., Dayton, O.:

I very much regret my inability to accept your kind invitation to attend the meeting of the Garfield Club to honor the memory of Major General Schenck, a man that I always appreciated very highly, and whose name can not be too highly honored by the people of this State or the Nation.

Truly yours,

RICHARD SMITH.

DAYTON, O., April 25, 1890.

MY DEAR SIR: I received your kind invitation to attend the memorial service in honor of the memory of Gen. Robert C. Schenck. I regret that absence from the city will prevent my attendance. Ohio had no abler son or more patriotic citizen. Citizens of Dayton feel an honest pride in his record, and should heartily join in the public acknowledgment of his long and distinguished service.

Very respectfully yours,

JOHN A. McMAHON.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,

WASHINGTON, April 22, 1890.

MESSRS. CRANDALL, RAMSEY AND BAIRD, Committee:

GENTLEMEN: Duties here, which imperatively demand my attention, will prevent me from accepting your invitation to participate in the memorial service in honor of Major General Schenck. You have my most sincere wish for a successful occasion. General Schenck was one of the most distinguished and honored sons of Ohio, and honors paid to his memory are most worthily bestowed.

Very truly yours,

M. M. BOOTHMAN.

VICE-PRESIDENT'S CHAMBER, WASHINGTON.

April 24, 1890.

GENTLEMEN:—I regret my inability to accept your invitation, and to join his townsmen in doing honor to the memory of Major General Robert C. Schenck. His brilliant services in Congress, in the field and as his country's representative at the Court of St. James, will long be held in grateful remembrance by his countrymen.

With renewed regrets, believe me very faithfully yours.

LEVI P. MORTON.

THE OHIO SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' HOME,

SANDUSKY, O., April 21, 1890.

H. A. CRANDALL, Chairman of Committee, Dayton :

DEAR SIR:—I readily accept the invitation to be present at the memorial services to be held Friday evening next in memory of Gen. Robert C. Schenck, under the auspices of the Garfield Club.

I shall not fail to unite, by presence at the ceremony, in testifying to the eminent services of General Schenck to the country in peace and in war, and the strong hold he had upon the affection and esteem of the people of Ohio.

Very respectfully,

M. F. FORCE.

THE SENATE, WASHINGTON, April 22, 1890.

GENTLEMEN:—I regret that my public duties here will prevent my acceptance of your kind invitation to participate in the memorial services upon the occasion of the death of Gen. Robert C. Schenck, to be held by your club on the 25th inst.

My long service in the House with General Schenck, and my pleasant intimacy with him since his retirement from public life, have awakened in me feelings not only of the highest respect and regard, but well-nigh the love of a brother. I have known him, in many trying relations in the public service, exhibiting such high qualities of self-abnegation and patriotism, as well as commanding talent and broad statesmanship, that I have looked upon him as one of the great men of the country. Time will never diminish the regard in which he is held, or the fame which he acquired as a public debater and leader in the councils of the Nation. All who knew him here will, I am sure, join with you in testimony to his worth, whether they are able or not to be present on that interesting occasion.

Yours very truly,

H. L. DAWES.

SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON, April 23, 1890.

GENTLEMEN: I regret that my duties and engagements make it impossible for me to unite with the Garfield Club of Dayton in the memorial service of the 25th in honor of the late General Schenck.

Few men have so impressed a distinct and admirable personality upon their contemporaries. His knowledge, courage, wit, eloquence and intense patriotism as a public man; his kindly, unflinching humor, his generous affection and his broad charity in private life, will be traditional among public men, and cherished memories among those nearer to him.

Sincerely yours,

JOSEPH R. HAWLEY.

LAKEHOME, MT. VERNON, O., April 16, 1890.

GENTLEMEN: The uncertainty in regard to my presence at the meeting in honor of Gen. Robert C. Schenck, to be held in Dayton on the 25th inst., has just been removed by a telegram, which requires me to be in Washington next week and for an indefinite time. I regret deeply the necessity which prevents me from attending the ceremonies in honor of the deceased, with whom I have been much associated for many years, and for whom I have always entertained a profound respect and esteem. His eminent abilities, long and useful public services and his exalted character, will be remembered and honored as long as the history of Ohio is preserved.

Respectfully,

COLUMBUS DELANO.

DAYTON, O., April 23, 1890.

GENTLEMEN:—The invitation of your club, extended through you, to attend the memorial service in honor of Major General Robert C. Schenck, has just been received and is accepted. I thank you for the opportunity of mingling my tribute with yours to the memory of General Schenck. Long before Gen. Schenck's death his name and fame had become the pride of his countrymen at large, as well as of his immediate friends, fellow-citizens and partisans. In Ohio particularly, and in the Miami Valley especially, where he was born and reared, this feeling of gratification and pride in the distinguished usefulness of his life and career was justified and intensified by the recollection that it was to a large degree the development and product of his daily business life and training in this community, and that his success as legislator, diplomat and soldier reflected corresponding honor upon it. In honoring his memory, therefore, we also honor ourselves.

Respectfully,

JOHN G. DOREN.

SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON, April 23, 1890.

H. A. CRANDALL, Esq., Dayton, Ohio:

MY DEAR SIR:—I have received your note inviting me to attend a memorial service on Friday next in honor of the memory of Gen. Robert C. Schenck. If my public duties would allow I would consider it a great honor to pay this mark of respect to one of the greatest men Ohio has furnished to the service of the United States. I feel as General Schenck would, if living, that I ought not to leave public duties assigned me, and I know that the citizens of Dayton of all parties will demonstrate the honor and respect in which his memory will be held by the people, not only of his own city, but of the State and the Nation.

Very respectfully,

JOHN SHERMAN.

COLUMBUS, O., April 24, 1890.

GENTLEMEN:—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to attend a memorial service by the Garfield Club of Dayton in honor of the late Gen. Robert C. Schenck. I regret not to be able to accept this thoughtful invitation, as I would willingly join in any manifestation of honor and esteem to the memory of General Schenck. He was a conspicuous character for a long series of years in the civil and military history of our country, winning for himself a name his friends can proudly honor and perpetuate.

The writer stood by his side in one of the earliest engagements of the War of the Rebellion, and was a witness of his splendid personal courage and exalted sense of duty. He cheerfully joins in any expressions of honor and esteem.

Very respectfully,

W. L. McMULLEN.

CINCINNATI, O., April 21, 1890.

GENTLEMEN:—I am honored by the invitation of your committee to be present at the memorial service of the Garfield Club of Dayton, Ohio, in memory of the late Gen. Robert C. Schenck, to be held in that city on the 25th inst.

I regret exceedingly that a previous engagement renders it impossible for me to be present, as it is an occasion of special interest to me, not only by reason of my long and intimate acquaintance with our departed friend, but because I have ever regarded him as one of the most distinguished citizens of our State, and a leader in the best sense of the word.

Through a long and active life in forum, field and court, General Schenck easily maintained an undisputed position in the very front rank of statesmen, soldiers and diplomatists, and enjoyed the confidence of his fellow-countrymen in the fullest measure. His integrity was spotless, his life was blameless, his entire career was brilliant. A faithful friend, a chivalrous foe, tender and true in all domestic and social relations, he was a model of all manly and patriotic qualities, which we may safely commend to our children for their imitation.

Again regretting my inability to be present with you, I am,

Very truly yours,

B. R. COWEN.

CADIZ, O., April 7, 1890.

GENTLEMEN: Your letter of the 1st inst. is received, wherein you kindly invited me to address a meeting of the citizens of Dayton on the 25th inst. in honor of the late Gen. Robert C. Schenck. By reason of my intimate acquaintance with General Schenck, my many years of service with him in Congress, my affection for him and my high appreciation of his talents and his great services to our common country, I would esteem it a special privilege to address the proposed meeting of his fellow-citizens of Dayton, designed to be a public tribute to his memory.

I deeply regret that illness during the past month has so impaired my strength that I am constrained to decline your kind invitation, and to deny myself the pleasure of participating with you and your people in the proposed "public tribute" to the memory of your "most illustrious citizen," the patriot, statesman and soldier of the republic, Gen. Robert C. Schenck.

Gratefully and respectfully yours,

JOHN A. BINGHAM.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 30, 1890.

DEAR SIR: Your invitation to the memorial services of the Garfield Club in memory of Gen. Robert C. Schenck was received by me on the 28th of April, the delay being on account of my absence from the city, which accounts for my not acknowledging the reception of your kind invitation.

I regard General Schenck as one of the ablest men Ohio ever produced. My relations with him in Washington were of the most pleasant character. He was ever ready to advise, ever ready to impart information, and it was a great enjoyment to me to have him recall his Congressional career during the first eight years of service, as well as his later Congressional service.

His memory was an encyclopedia of the stirring events of his time that have now passed into history. His word pictures of the characteristics of his compeers in the House, and his fund of anecdotes, were so interesting that I exceedingly regret that he did not write his autobiography. I shall ever recollect him for his bright intellect, his rugged independence and his unswerving integrity. He was the father of resumption, and the credit that justly belonged to him for that wise and beneficent measure was diverted to another distinguished son of Ohio. But his memory will ever be cherished by the citizens of the Miami Valley with the same pride and admiration that is accorded to the peerless orator who was his friend and preceptor.

Very respectfully,

E. S. WILLIAMS.

DAYTON, O., April 24, 1890.

H. A. CRANDALL, ESQ., President Garfield Club:

You will remember that my acceptance of your kind invitation for Friday evening was conditioned on my being in the State at the time. What I feared has happened, and I must go to New York on the next train, and so can not join the people of Dayton in showing respect to the memory of their most distinguished citizen—General Schenck.

I first saw him at a great political meeting in 1840. Over the platform was a streamer, and upon it the words, "Honor to whom honor is due." Nearly half a century has passed since that meeting, and to whom is honor more richly due than to Robert C. Schenck? During this time I have chanced to know many of the great men of the republic, but I think he was one of the ablest, bravest and greatest of them all.

Of all the men I have ever known he least needed the advice which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Polonius: "To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." He was always true to himself, his friends and the right; he imitated no one, followed nobody. Having decided what was right, he had the courage to speak and act out his convictions, regardless of party leaders and personal popularity. There was in his composition an utter absence of everything like hypocrisy or demagogism. He was therefore hardly a success as a mere politician. He was no "mixer," could not be "everybody's friend," nor "all things to all men," and never learned the use of "boodle." He fought for his party and its principles and measures, and was content to stand or fall with his party. Knowing his one ungratified ambition to be Senator, I wrote him when he was in England to come home and help us make the canvass for him. He peremptorily declined, and in his letter said: "You know me so well as to be sure that even if I were upon the spot I would have nothing to do with

'setting up' the Legislature, or intriguing in any way, or bargaining for the position. There has been enough of that in more States than one, and if I ever reach the dignity from Ohio, it must come to me as an *honor*, and *not as the result of a contract.*"

One of the things, for which he has never had proper credit, is his service in the establishment and success of the National Soldiers' Homes. He had more to do than any other one man in framing and passing the act establishing the homes, and to him the Central Branch is especially indebted for the marble column in the cemetery and the condemned cannon which ornament its grounds; and yet I have failed to learn that either the National or local management have taken any notice of his death. And although one of the foremost of our public men and the equal of any man in the government service, how comes it the metropolitan press has taken less space to speak of his death than would have been given to a prize-fighter or base ball player? While Minister to England, and after he had served on the Joint High Commission, which led up to the Geneva Conference and paved the way for the amicable settlement of international difficulties, General Schenck was one of the best known and most popular men in the United States, and was prominently named for President; but a newspaper correspondent, for some imaginary affront, started a slander which ran so fast that it would seem the truth has never yet overtaken it. Are not we Americans, in dealing with our public men, very much like the people of Naples, who worship their Saint January one day and pelt him with baked apples the next?

It is especially appropriate that the club which bears the honored name of Garfield should have inaugurated these memorial exercises; for of all the friends who stood close to General Schenck not one was more steadfast than James A. Garfield.

Yours very truly,

LEWIS B. GUNCKEL.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., April 15, 1890.

GENTLEMEN: Your kind invitation to attend the memorial services in honor of my old friend, Robert C. Schenck, came duly to hand three days ago. I would be glad to be able to go, but fear that I can not do so.

Those who knew General Schenck well were strongly attached to him. He was not only a remarkable, but a great man. Simple in manners, plain, direct, forcible, laconic and comprehensive in speech, he was true and unswerving in principle, and devoted to his friends and his country.

It was my good fortune to serve with him in Congress, after the War of the Rebellion, when questions of a momentous nature concerning finances and reconstruction arose. He took part in those great debates,

and was able to say more, in fewer words, to the purpose than any man in either House. In fact, his force was gigantic when he chose to use it. He should have remained in the House of Representatives as the great, leading, fearless, broad-minded American statesman. When his own district ungratefully ejected him from his great position, his friends of all political parties throughout the Nation were astounded.

I think he has had, in the history of this country, few equals in debate. Without ornament, without digression, without a superfluous word, his speeches are models of terse, compact and cogent reasoning.

To be ready to grapple important subjects of legislation at once, and guide their direction, is the highest accomplishment of the greatest legislator, and presumes previous study, profound thought, powerful expression and unfaltering courage.

There has been no such arena for the debater, in all time, as the floor of the House of Congress, with an audience so trying to his temper, so reluctant to pay attention, so impatient of platitudes, so contemptuous of bombast, and yet so willing to listen to earnest, pointed, clear, logical, apt, courageous and pregnant argument; so anxious to witness a square, stand-up, unflinching, intellectual fight; so ready to insist upon fair play, and to recognize the victor.

Here he was the match for any comer, any day, on any question -- the foremost man on that floor, take him all in all. His old neighbors and friends in Dayton honor themselves in honoring his memory.

Yours truly,

JOHN COBURN.

ABIDE WITH ME.

SUNG BY THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide—
The darkness deepens—Lord with me abide;
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
Oh, thou who changest not, abide with me!

I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I long, a passing word,
But as thou dwellest with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.

chairmanship, Garfield was substituted for him and he for Garfield, as chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means. Garfield, by the suffrage of the Nation, became its President; Schenck would have graced that position as ably. Garfield fell in the prime of manhood by the hand of an assassin, and was the second of our martyred Presidents. Schenck died calmly at four score years, in the bosom of his family, and surrounded by his friends, to all appearances his natural strength not having abated but a few moments before. But had the maintenance of the principles he advocated required it, rather than surrender them, he would have gone through the rack and torture and fire of the martyr.

General Schenck was born within a few miles of your city, in the town of Franklin, of which his father, General William Schenck, had been the founder, now ninety-five years ago.

The date of his birth, October 4, 1809, carries the mind back over a period of more than eighty years between that birth and his death. And all these years are full of great achievements and grand growths of his State and country. But the State then was not seven years old, and had a population of only 200,000, while that of your beautiful city was but 383. The country was a comparative wilderness, with few roads, and those mere bridle paths; no bridges to cross the muddy streams; the farms, small patches of land cleared from the dense forest, barely sufficient to raise corn and a few vegetables for the family use; dwellings, the rudest log huts of one or two rooms, often miles from neighbors. The times were troublous, too. The power and vindictiveness of the savages, who claimed proprietorship of the land, had not been broken, and they were constantly alert to kill the inhabitants and steal or destroy their property. The pioneer went to the cultivation of his field, to the visit to his neighbors, or to the place of worship, with his trusted rifle at his side, and his powder horn and bullet pouch well filled. The whole Northwest was in

ADDRESS BY HON. JOSEPH COX.

We have met to-night to evidence by our presence and words regard for one who, for more than fifty years, was a leader among men; whose character and talents you were proud to acknowledge and felt yourselves honored, in that he claimed this city as his home, and desired his remains to repose here in their last resting-place.

Major General Robert C. Schenck was a man of whom any community, State or Nation might be proud. I know that no stranger can tell you anything of him which you do not already know. His life was an open book to you, known and read of all men. That history has also been written by one of your most respected citizens, and another able compeer of his at the bar for years has, in the name of the members of that profession, prepared an elaborate memorial of him to attest their high regard. But it was a grand life, and will bear repetition, until every American shall have learned it by heart. This meeting to-night is especially under the auspices of the Garfield Club of Dayton, Ohio, who desire to honor the memory of their distinguished member and townsman. It is highly proper that men who have taken on themselves the cherished name of Garfield should honor that of Schenck. They both belonged to the same political party and State, and were in the foremost front as leaders; both soldiers and generals in the Union Army, and members of the same Congress. When General Schenck was chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, General Garfield was chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, the two most important committees of that body; and when Schenck resigned that

consternation, for the great Indian chief, Tecumseh, and his brother, the Prophet, had aroused to fury all the Indian tribes, formed alliances with them and the British, and, in formidable numbers, menaced every town and settlement, and defied the power of the government. Before young Schenck was three years old the conflict was raging. His infant ears first heard the steady tread of armed men, the roll of the drum and the shrill piercing fife, and his young eyes danced with delight as he saw the stars and stripes of his country borne past his home by the brave pioneer soldiers of Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio, among whom was his own father, a distinguished general officer, and all under the leadership of the gallant General William Henry Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe, marching on to humble the pride and power of the British and Indians at Fort Wayne, Maumee, River Raisin and Thames, and with the aid of Perry and his brave seamen on the lakes, to crush forever their dominion on lake and land.

Past that home of his infancy, after many severe conflicts and great loss of life, returned the remnant of that brave band, to renew their task of opening up the wilderness to all the blessings of religion, education and civilization.

In this magnificent Miami Valley, with all these heroic surroundings, with the blood of heroes in his own veins, he grew up to manhood. He obtained a liberal education in Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio, an institution created by the Legislature the year of his birth, and established on lands reserved by the general government for educational purposes, and from which has gone forth so many distinguished sons of our own and neighboring States to fill all the positions of honor and trust of the country, even up to the Presidential chair, now occupied by one of its alumni.

He studied the law with great diligence under the tuition of that distinguished lawyer, statesman and most eloquent man of his times, Thomas Corwin, and at the age of twenty-one, nearly sixty years ago, began the practice of his profession in your city, which he continued for thirty

years. For sixty years he claimed this as his home. He loved this valley and its people, and whosoever of them came to him, whether in Brazil or Washington or London, bore a key which opened his home and his heart.

What years of trial and triumph were these! I gaze with intent enthusiasm at the successive steps which he trod on his upward career, as history does and will for ages record.

Look on the tablet which records the events of his life: Born at Franklin, Warren County, Ohio, October 4, 1809; graduated at Miami University in 1827; tutor of French and Latin there until 1830; admitted to the Bar of Ohio in January, 1831; practiced law at Dayton for thirty years; member of the Ohio Legislature in 1841 and 1842, from this county; elected from this district to the 28th, 29th, 30th and 31st Congress, from 1843 to 1851; in 1851 he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Brazil, and also accredited Envoy Extraordinary to the Republic of Uruguay, the Argentine Confederation and Paraguay, negotiating important treaties with them; entered the Union Army in 1861 in the War of the Rebellion, and was appointed Brigadier General by President Lincoln; promoted to be Major General for distinguished bravery at the second battle of Bull Run, August 30, 1862, in which action he was severely wounded while leading his men in the thickest of the fight, from which wound he was disabled for months, and never finally recovered; in December, 1862, he was appointed commander of the Middle District of the United States, including the city of Baltimore, and while so acting was, by the people of this district, embracing the counties of Montgomery, Butler, Warren and Preble, elected to Congress, when he resigned his commission in the army. In Congress he was successively chairman of two of the most important committees of that body, and especially were they so at that time, when the war was still raging,—the Committee on Military Affairs and of Ways and Means,—committees which imposed enormous labor on the chairman, and which required the utmost

ability and statesmanship to meet. One is astonished, on merely glancing at the index of the *Congressional Globe*, to see the many reports, petitions, resolutions, answers to questions, arguments to sustain, replies to attacks, which kept the chairman almost continually on the floor, when not engaged in meetings of the committee, with government officers and men of all conditions and parties having business with the military or civil department of the government; for the legislation for the maintenance of the war and all its supplies, as well as that necessary to support the whole government, passed through those committees. All these involved a strain on the physical and intellectual abilities which few men were able to meet, but which were disposed of by General Schenck with a clearness and masterly statesmanship which has never been excelled on the floor of that House. It was a grand and wonderful exhibition of the power of man. He was elected to the 38th, 39th, 40th and 41st Congress, and served there until 1871, when he was appointed Minister to England. He was also one of the members of the High Joint Commission to settle the disputes between England and the United States, growing out of the depredation of the rebel vessel *Alabama* on our vessels on the seas. That commission consisted of the following members from this country: Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State; General Robert C. Schenck; Samuel Nelson, Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States; E. R. Hoar, late Attorney General of the United States, and George H. Williams, late Senator of the United States from Oregon. Certainly, an array of talented men, each of whom must have been proud of the other. An equal number of distinguished Englishmen represented that country. A successful settlement of the vexed matter was made. A new administration came into power, and General Schenck returned from England in 1875. Some time afterward he was appointed by the government as editor of the *United States Statutes at large*, and at this he was engaged when, after a short illness of pneumonia, he died at Washington City, March 23, 1890.

Surely, here are badges of official distinction, covering a period of more than forty years, sufficient to fill the ambition of any man. A simple statement of so long, important and varied public service would form a most eloquent memorial, without laudatory adjectives. As Mr. Lincoln said in that memorial speech on the battle-field of Gettysburgh, "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here."

To have been a prominent leader at the bar of this city and State, so renowned for its many able, eloquent and learned lawyers; to have represented in the Congress of the Nation for nearly sixteen years, by eight popular elections, one of the most intelligent and discriminating constituencies of the State; to have been distinguished at the bar, in public assemblies and Congress as one of the fullest equipped and most acute debaters and eloquent orators of a Nation whose most prolific production would seem to be orators; to have stepped from civil life into the wild crash of war at the highest crisis of his country's fortune, and with bravery unsurpassed and consummate skill, to have reached its highest honors; and at the close, when victorious peace crowned the national banner, to have marched back as one of a million of soldiers, and with the plaudits of a grateful country, to resume the duties of a private citizen in the calm serenity of an unmelodious peace; to have been again sent by the old friends of his childhood and manhood to represent them in Congress for four successive sessions, and then by the Nation sent to represent it at the court of the most renowned Nation of the Old World, is certainly something beyond the usual lot which marks the life of man—even the most distinguished of men.

It has been said that "some men are born great; some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them," and luck and circumstances are often alleged to be the important factors in the elevation of men. Fortunate birth, circumstances, what is called luck, and sometimes

the favor of friends may thrust greatness upon a man, but neither luck, circumstances nor enthusiastic friends alone can long sustain one in high public positions who has not the strength, ability and integrity within himself to maintain the position.

The great mass of our people are so intelligent, there are so many of ability who are constantly pressing forward for leadership, that it is only *superior staying qualities* which keep one to the front for any considerable time; and these qualities are being continually tested by critical, interested and often selfish and unscrupulous eyes, to detect the least flaw through which to pierce the strong mail which protects the victorious knight.

Consider the many distinguished men who graced the country when Robert C. Schenck, at the age of thirty-one years, stepped into the arena as one of the champions of the Whig cause in the great campaign of 1840. Then was Daniel Webster in the height of his fame; his calm, majestic presence, great learning, wonderful powers of eloquence, the unapproachable expounder of the principles and constitution of the country, and whom men, as the only verdict on his ability, called "The Godlike."

General Harrison, whose renown as the most successful conqueror of the Indian tribes, and whose name was a household one in every cabin as the hero of Tippecanoe, drew to your city to listen to that remarkable voice, soft and clear as an Æolian harp, an hundred thousand freemen filling all your streets and private houses, and camping in your suburbs for days.

Henry Clay, with his grand magnetic presence and clarion voice, which thrilled all who listened, as he delineated how the adoption of his great American system of protection to home industry would open up the forest, fill the land with cities and manufactories which would consume the produce of the farm, furnish him with all the implements for enlarged production, clothe him from the sheep and flax and cotton grown at home, and make the Nation independent

of all others, and powerful in peace and war. Tom Corwin, matchless in beauty of diction, strength of argument, keen and caustic wit, and humor which made laughter hold both her sides.

And there were Brough and Crittenden, Allen, Metcalf, Todd, Chase, Ewing, Stansberry, Hamer and a host of others, who made the country resound with logic and argument, fact, fancy, wit and sarcasm; but with all these great names, Schenck held a high place in the affection of the people, and no man for years, when he appeared in public assemblies, drew more interested listeners, who hung with thrilling pleasure on his words, whether fervid, patriotic appeals, bitter, sarcastic denunciation of what he believed wrong, or broad, humorous strokes, with which he was wont sometimes to bury an antagonist as under an avalanche.

His position in Congress from 1843 to 1851 was noted not only for his ability as an apt and eloquent parliamentarian, but also as a clear and comprehensive statesman, who labored not merely for the immediate constituents who voted for him, but regarded the whole Nation as a unit, to be so held, if need be, by the blood of every one who claimed its protecting ægis. To this principle he consecrated his life when, in 1861, as the hand of treason fired the first gun at Fort Sumter, he tendered his services to the government to maintain its integrity by war. When he was commissioned Brigadier General of Volunteers by President Lincoln, there was no end of criticism by those who stood out of long range, and would advise the government how to carry on this war. It was claimed that he had neither the military education or ability of an orderly sergeant. Perhaps he had not. But long before the war closed, he and thousands of others, as inexperienced as he, taught us that the quiet, private American citizen, who had not, it may be, ever loaded or fired a gun, was an apt scholar, and had wonderful destructive powers in the line of war when his country's salvation depended on it.

One of his first essays as an officer was when detailed by his commander to take possession of the London & Hampshire Railroad as far as Vienna. With a train of cars, he proceeded to carry out his order, but was fired on by a masked battery, three cars disabled, ten men killed and others wounded. The engineer ran the engine back to Alexandria, leaving the General with a small band to resist a much larger force. But he maintained his position with so much vigor that the enemy withdrew. Much bitter criticism was vented on him, which subsequent experience proved to be unjust, but amid all he was sustained and praised for his conduct then by that grand commander and true American, General Winfield Scott.

We had not learned then that every hillside in the South was fortified, and that masked batteries could be rapidly mobilized so as to be available at any given point; that they were hid away in the most peaceful landscape, and that every navigable inland water was prepared with deadly torpedoes to guard the heart of the Confederacy. McDowell, McClelland, Burnside, Thomas, Pope, Meade, Sherman, Grant, all learned this, as they bravely marched into the enemy's country, and left under every turf over which they trod a soldier's sepulchre.

From this time on for two years, General Schenck was in active, vigorous service all over the seat of war, in Virginia and Maryland—in that first great struggle at Bull Run, where both sides learned that there was a war, and that war meant killing people.

He was with Rosecrans on the Kanawha, New and Gauly rivers; in command at Cumberland, Maryland; then up the south branch of the Potomac, holding Moorfield, Petersburg and Franklin; pushing on through the mountains with 1,500 men a battalion of cavalry and DeBeck's Ohio Battery to the relief of Millroy, only to find himself confronted by 15,000 rebels, and then to successfully withdraw his forces to a place of safety. Then at the second battle of Bull Run, where in the thickest of the fight, when

urging his men forward, a rebel ball shattered his right wrist, causing his sword to be thrown some distance from him, but peremptorily refusing to leave the field until he regained his sword. He was for a long time unfit for duty by the wound, but as soon as he was able, was put in command of the middle district, in the city of Baltimore. Here at the beginning of the war our troops had been fired into when passing through to the defense of the capital, and there was still a bitter feeling against marching Union soldiers over their soil. But that city lay between the great cities of the North and the capital of the Nation, and through it were to pass, day by day, immense numbers of soldiers and all the appliances of war to protect the Capitol and crush the rebellion south of it. It required sagacity, patience, bravery and eternal vigilance to keep that highway open. General Schenck was equal to the task, and soon had absolute control over the rebel and turbulent element, which had theretofore proved so troublesome to the general government, and soon by day and by night at the home of its birth, "mid the rocket's red glare, bombs bursting in air" could be heard the inspiring notes of "The Star Spangled Banner" filling all the air and jubilating the heart of every patriot.

He maintained this position until December, 1863, when, having been elected a member of Congress for this District, he resigned his commission. His power and usefulness to his country in that and succeeding Congresses were of the highest conceivable character. I quote from one whose great ability, high patriotic, chivalric character, matchless eloquence as a speaker and writer has thrilled his countrymen with love and admiration, and made the name of James G. Blaine the synonym of the highest type of an American. In his history of twenty years in Congress he says "Robert C. Schenck was an invaluable addition to the House. He was at once placed at the head of the Committee on Military Affairs, then of superlative importance, and subsequently made chairman of Ways and Means, succeeding

Mr. Stevens in the undoubted leadership of the House. He was admirably fitted for the arduous and difficult duty. His perceptions were keen, his analysis was extraordinarily rapid, his power of expression remarkable. On his feet, as the phrase went, he had no equal in the House. In the five minutes' discussion in committee of the whole, he was an intellectual marvel. The compactness and clearness of his statement, the facts and arguments which he could marshal in that brief time, were a constant surprise and delight to his hearers. No man in Congress during the present generation has rivalled his singular power in this respect. He was able in every form of discussion, but his peculiar gift was in leading and controlling the committee of the whole."

His subsequent career as Minister to England was a marked one. His genial manners, great ability and true Americanism were recognized by all, and he became personally one of the most popular ministers who had ever represented this country at that court. But he was not dazzled with royalty and allowed no friendly popularity to interfere with his duty to his country and none of her interest suffered in his hands, but in every complication kept her honor and welfare at heart as the leading object to be maintained.

Returning to America he was met with great cordiality by men of all parties, and until the day of his death numbered among the warmest of his friends, many of his virulent political opponents. He did not gain this by hypocrisy or paltering in a double sense to any one. "He would not have flattered Neptune for his trident." No man was firmer in what he believed to be right, no matter what might be the opposition, and he never feared to declare his sentiment before friend or foe. And hence the honesty of his motive was never questioned; while the real goodness and kindness of his heart warmed the entire atmosphere in which he lived.

His countrymen crowned him with great honors. No

one has ever been heard to say that he was unworthy of them, or proved recreant to any trust.

And so, full of honors, with the crown of four score years upon him, he has passed from earth, and his remains by loving hands have been laid in yonder beautiful cemetery, almost overlooking the place of his birth, this city, the scene of his triumphs, the homes of his friends through all these long years, this beautiful Miami valley, the Eden of our new world, and over all, in, we trust an enduring peace, floats that flag whose sovereignty he ever sought to maintain as the protector of that Constitution which he declared "may undergo alteration, but the Nationality for which it was made, *must be one and eternal.*"

..With the storied brave

Our country nurtured in her glory time

Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,

Even in her own proud clime;

For thou art Freedom's now, and Fames',

One of the few, the immortal names

That were not born to die."

MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

SUNG BY THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

My country! 'tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring,

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our father's God! to thee
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

COL. DONN PIATT'S ADDRESS.

Gentlemen of the Garfield Club and fellow-citizens:

I hastened here, heart full, in response to your kind invitation, to assist in these memorial services in behalf of my General and life-long friend. I must confess, now that I am before you, that I feel embarrassed. It seems to me as if I were called upon to give in words the delicate odor of the violet, or render upon a poor instrument the sweet music of the grandest master. I am forced to remember that the very affection that stirs my heart and dims my eyes, mars my utterance. An excess of feeling destroys the just perspective, so necessary to a clear comprehension of either character or career. The cold, calm, impartial hand of historic record is our better friend. We can comfort ourselves with the thought, that in the history of our country, in the darkest hour of its peril there is written the epitaph of Robert Cumming Schenck. He owes little to his friends, and sleeps in peace, without fear of his enemies. While placing immortelles on his new made grave, we can only say, in tear-laden words, that we loved him living, and lament him dead.

There is another embarrassment, second only to the one given, that is found in the fact that I am addressing his personal friends and neighbors. My testimony to his rare excellence must appear poor beside your memories that presents his career as part and parcel of yourselves. Through the many years that it was my precious privilege to hold the friendship and share the confidence of my General, he never appeared separate and apart from his home, his beloved Dayton. In all his triumphs and in all his troubles he

would turn to his friends and the associates of his youth and age with a faith so childlike in its devotion that one learned that no time could decay, no event dim the sweetness of a being that had the underlying characteristics of his nature. At home in the political arena, where we were thrown so much together, in the turbid field of perilous campaigns, where we shared the same tent; on the shores of Europe where we met, in all his moments given to rest he found relief in memories of you, my friends, not only as true hearted men, who stood by him in good and evil report, but in dwelling upon that sweet human gossip, that so cheers our life with a loving sense of home. His monument is in your heart, and when those hearts have ceased to beat in life, the story I trust will be taken up in that enduring history of the people, found in bronze and marble, that will carry to the latest generation, the honored name of Robert Cumming Schenck, Dayton's great man.

It is not necessary for me to dwell here upon his youth and early manhood. He was young in years when he entered public life. It was at a period ever to be remembered as the golden era of our nation's life, when leaders of the people were not only great, but good. About the names of Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Corwin and a host of others, there cluster, not only all that was brilliant in our nation's history, but all that was pure as well. We mourn the dead in the remains of our departed hero. Have we not something more to mourn? As we gaze up from the grave where the form of our brave, brilliant, honest old hero moulders into dust are we not called upon to mourn something sadder than his loss, that his loss makes so conspicuous through contrast in the dark effacing finger of decay crumbling space all that made such lives as his possible. We are here, however, to mourn the dead and not the dying.

My first acquaintance that soon ripened into affection of Robert C. Schenck is found in a far cry back to 1840. It was in that wild political campaign in which the Democ-

racy born of Jefferson, rendered illustrious by Jackson, went down in deafening shouts of laughter under Martin Van Buren. An ardent young Democrat, I stood amazed amid the ruins of my party, before log cabins, canoes, coons and a strange phantasmagoria of a mad midsummer's night dream. In that I came to know two men of antagonistic politics to mine whom I soon learned to love and admire, and one was Schenck and the other Corwin. Although warmly attached we remained politically apart until the war upon the Union made but one party at the north and that of men under the muskets held together in a way that nothing but death could disintegrate.

When the Whig party first fell to pieces at the approach of the great question that neither political organizations could grasp or control, Robert C. Schenck, like Corwin, and many other eminent Whigs, found themselves at a loss. Where to go was a puzzling question. To join the Democracy was impossible. To make part of the new organization, composed mainly of Abolitionists, was equally out of the question. I remember when Fremont was nominated I urged my friend Schenck to join us in the endeavor to elect him president but he would have none of him. Had Justice John McLean been made our standard bearer he might have thought better of it, but then we would have lost all the force of the revolution we contemplated in being respectable. True reform is never reputable.

There is a popular superstition to the effect that men belong to one party or other because they have certain opinions or principles, as they are called. The fact is, however, that men have certain opinions because they do belong to certain parties. In politics, as in aught else, the intellectual processes have little to do with our actions. We are the victims of circumstances over which we have no control, and are more moved by our feelings than our intellect. The course of my eminent friend, or that indeed of myself, illustrates this. Schenck was an ardent Whig. It seemed impossible for him to be aught else. If there was any crea-

ture on earth he found more offensive than another it was an abolitionist, a fanatic, who, to destroy the guarantees of the constitution would unhesitatingly burn the constitution. He saw the northern wing of his beloved party joining the free soil party and he saw at the same time the southern wing disappear in a fanaticism more fatal to the government of the Fathers than the abolitionists. It was not until Lincoln was nominated that he gave in his adherence to the Republicans in whose fold he lived and died.

Our friend and hero gained all that he achieved in life from his high intellectual qualities and his great force of character. He owed nothing to luck. He was not the sort of a man we are sometimes called on to wonder at, if not admire, whom a chance wave catches up, and in spite of bloody disasters, frightful blunders, and even criminal acts, is whirled up to the highest pinnacle of fame and fortune. We say the man is strangely fortunate, and he illustrates the French axiom that nothing is so successful as success. Gen. Schenck not only had none of this, but had, on the contrary, ever at his side, a malign influence that seemed to come just in time to rob him of his merited reward. I remember when we tendered our services to the National Republican Committee in the first Lincoln campaign. We were assigned to Southern Illinois, the land of Logan, called Egypt, from its intense darkness. It was a campaign of great labor, and not without peril. We had immense crowds at our meetings as we went from county to county, and these assemblages were composed of people called together from idle curiosity and not by any sympathy with our political doctrines. There was a small body of settlers from New England at each county that rallied about us as a sort of police, and I remember vividly the able arguments, lightened by wit and humor, that seemed thrown away, but which was good seed in the troubled time that followed when John A. Logan came into line and won for himself an immortal name as a gallant soldier of the Union army.

Our missionary labors ended at Springfield a few days

before the election, and at Springfield Robert C. Schenck, in the last effort of his campaign, made the ablest effort I ever heard in behalf of our cause. Mr. Lincoln was prominent in the audience, and fairly entranced by the happy utterances that rising above party, plead for our country and the government of the fathers. At the end of the meeting Mr. Lincoln asked us to return in case we were successful, to Springfield. When these returns were counted and our triumph assured, we were telegraphed for and gladly responded to the summons. There was a wild jubilee of the enthusiastic Republicans, in which my General took prominent part. When that ended and Schenck was about to leave, Mr. Lincoln begged him to remain and accompany him to Chicago. The newly elected President was very earnest in this request, so much so that it was significant of more than the pleasure to be found in his society. We understood this to mean that one of the ablest leaders of the lately formed party was looked upon as an adviser called on to assist in organizing the incoming administration. This significance deepened when the press took the scent and commented favorably on the selection. He accompanied the President-elect as part of his family to Chicago, when shortly a change appeared and the malign influence came in to blight what would have been an act of grave importance to our party and the people. Gen. Schenck felt the change and when permitted to leave for home without even an explanation he felt deeply wounded. Without any effort or move on his part, he had been placed in a false position before the country, and he, who never, in all his high career, had asked for office was humiliated as appearing to thrust himself forward an indelicate office seeker.

It is something more than speculation to dwell on what would have been the result had Robert C. Schenck been called to President Lincoln's first cabinet, especially to the war department. His especial abilities, high patriotism, firm integrity and great talent for detail would have given

a far different meaning, force and effect to that arm of the government in the opening hour of our country's peril. That which came to us when Edwin M. Stanton was called to that all important department would have been ours from the beginning.

The cruel hurt given Gen. Schenck would have driven him from public life back to a profession in which he had the ability to win both fame and fortune, but for the war that followed so soon after. There never lived a man possessed of a more patriotic heart and the gun at Sumter had scarcely caught its echo in the northwest before he tendered his services to the government and was commissioned Brigadier General. He had all the higher qualities of the soldier. Quick to see he was as quick to act with that higher courage which gives confidence. The confidence to his men he felt in himself.

Then again, the malign influence that shadowed his life interposed. The press of the country covered the appointment with ridicule and abuse. It was styled that of a "political general." Ignorant of war, as we had come to be, through generations of profound peace, we added to that ignorance by a condition of idiocy from which to this day we have not recovered. There was then, as there is yet, a superstition to the effect that a command of men in time of war called for instruction more than ability, and that such ability without instruction is of no avail. Apply this to any other profession and where are we? A school graduates a thousand doctors, and one doctor in the thousand is a success. Apply this to the profession of the bar and the same result is given. But how utterly absurd it is when we know that war is not a science, not even an art, and therefore can not be taught at all. The greatest captains poor humanity have suffered from, have left us nothing that can be made available at a military school. The axioms left us for guidance in the field are of as much use to the volunteer from civil life as to the graduate of a military academy. Our little school upon the Hudson is de-

voted exclusively to training privates and when one of them is commissioned to command, he enters upon his duties in the field of war as much an ignorant, raw recruit as the young man who goes in from private life. In the cruel disaster—the shameful surprise at Shiloh, when so many thousands of our poor fellows were shot down ere they could fall into line, we are gravely told in Hay's *Life of Lincoln*, that the general in command was learning the art of war.

Gen. Schenck was not permitted to enjoy such bloody instruction. He was not permitted to demonstrate that such instruction was not needed. An event occurred shortly after he assumed command that nearly ended his career as a soldier. We look back at it now in utter amazement. While establishing Camp Upton on the Virginia side of the Potomac, in throwing out a picket, he followed the written instructions given him by General Irvin McDowell. The mistake made by my General was in not putting the regiment designated for the duty in command of a Colonel or a member of his staff. But full of anxiety to have the order carefully obeyed, he took command himself. It is one of the lessons not laid down in Halleck's *Art of War*, but generally practiced to have a subordinate between the General and the work to be done upon whom to visit the responsibility if aught goes wrong. In a country that was known not to be held by the enemy, Gen. Schenck, in person, transported by rail a regiment. A stray Confederate officer in command of two pieces of artillery that happened to be crossing the country, heard the approaching train, hastily trained his pieces to rake the track, and as the train rounded a turn, fired upon the crowded cars. Ten men were killed and a number wounded. Gen. Schenck acted with great presence of mind and high courage. He rallied his men and brought off his killed and wounded.

It was early in the war and lives had not been cheapened to the extent necessary to allow a General to slaughter thousands while learning the art of war, and the howl of

wrath went up from press and people over the loss of ten men. Now the ridiculous blunder of a political General was simply appalling. A man of less nerve would have sunk under the abuse and thrown up his commission. We must know the facts to realize the situation. Our armies were made of volunteers who read the papers, and every day newsboys threaded the camp with their shrill cries and distributed journals filled with ridicule and lying abuse of the General. Their confidence in him was a vital necessity to his and their success and while riding down the lines he could read in their faces the fatal effects of the poison. On the other hand, at Washington, the cotton-breasted, epauletted heroes of subsequent defeats, openly sneered at my General as the "Car Conductor in Commission." I vividly remember as if it were but yesterday, those days of gloom and nights of torture. Gen. Schenck was a proud, sensitive man, but he had that indomitable will which defied fate and clamping those iron jaws together he bided his time and so won his spurs at last.

But, for this untoward event in the beginning of his career as a soldier, Gen. Schenck would have surged to the front and conquered renown as Logan, McClellan and other volunteers did. He was splendidly equipped for the service. He was a born leader of men. He was not only the bravest of the brave as I have said, but to a remarkable brain he had that subtle magnetism in his force of character that won confidence and admiration. However, he never entirely recovered from that first blight. The West Pointers who sneered at the volunteers in the beginning grew jealous toward the end as our gallant fellows demonstrated in fighting their way into command that brain was of some account even in war.

The true story of the late war has never been told. If it ever is there will be some strange transformation. The history so far, if one may call it such, is made up of newspapers and political stump oratory. When the record is made up by the cold impartial hand of history, the popular

heroes of to-day will disappear as such, and two men will emerge from the obscurity of neglect to fill all the space of popular admiration; the one George H. Thomas and the other Stonewall Jackson. The military careers of these great captains will bear the closest inspection and grow brighter as they stand.

Now to show you how little real history we have I can startle you with the fact that our General Robert C. Schenck was one of the only two men who ever defeated Stonewall. You thought you knew every event in our General's life and yet here is one that of itself merits a monument. In the beginning of the war the great Virginia fighter was defeated at Winchester, and in the latter part of June, 1862, Gen. Schenck was ordered from Cumberland, Maryland, to McDowall to the relief of the gallant General Milroy who had penetrated with a small force that far in the enemy's country. Our General had but one brigade and the expedition was hazardous in the extreme. We had mountains to climb, and rivers to cross, without the remotest information as to what might be before or on either side of us. We arrived at McDowall the same night that Stonewall Jackson did, he being then engaged in his campaign of victories that so disconcerted McClellan before Richmond and startled our government at Washington. Jackson had twice the number of the force made up of Schenck's and Milroy's brigades.

"We've got to get out of this," said Milroy.

"Yes," responded Schenck, "But to do that we first must fight."

We soon learned that the enemy was fortifying a strong position on what is called Bull-pasture mountain. Against this Schenck and Milroy moved out. We found ourselves on a long slope of mountain with a long level summit that of itself made a defense without much artificial work. Up the slope our gallant fellows marched firing as they went, and under a continuous discharge from the breast-work above until the mountain brow was reached and the Con-

federates driven from their position. That night "we folded our tents like Arabs and silently stole away." We were not molested or pursued.

This was no great affair and had no great consequences. But its management and success demonstrated his military qualities, while he carried to the grave the great distinction of having out-marched, out-maneuvered, and out-fought the greatest fighter of the Confederate side.

Why he was neglected by the government at Washington we can well comprehend. President Lincoln was carrying on two wars—one in his rear and the other at the front. For every battle in the field he had a corresponding conflict in the political arena, and the one was far more perilous than the other, for if he failed there, his vast armies would disappear and the government itself crumble into fragments. So when Fremont threw up his command it was Sigel, not Schenck that succeeded him. It was better to suffer from Sigel in the field, than endanger the German vote that was back of the gallant but inefficient General. The press was editing events, when not criticizing or projecting campaigns, and had no time to correct some of its own errors or give re-hearings to false condemnations. Thus one of the most capable of officers fought on under imbeciles. But he fought on, how bravely and well the records of the war remain to tell us, until at the second Bull Run, while leading his brigade in the hottest of the fight, he was shot out of his saddle. Promoted for gallant service in the field he was given a department and a corps, from which he retired to enter Congress as your Representative.

What those services were in Congress I need not now repeat. They are too well known to you, and to the history of our country. As Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means he repeated as leader of the house what he had demonstrated long before, and that was that as an able, ready debator he had few equals and no superior. Cool, clear, logical and ready, he could so state a case as to make

the mere statement an argument, and in his ready wit so fence with his opponents as not only to disarm opposition, but make a debate of the dryest subject a fascinating display. He had the rare combination found in a turn for detail and the higher qualities of the orator. It was, however, the ready wit I have mentioned that flashed along the line of argument and lit up like lightning the most sombre subject that his opponents feared and won victory for him in advance.

It was during the negotiations of the High Joint Commission, organized to settle the questions with England, that my General demonstrated his diplomatic ability and that led to his appointment of Minister to England. Then, again came in the malign element that seemed to have shadowed his honorable life. Among other properties in which he had invested his modest means, was some stock in what is known as the Emma Mine of Utah. He bought that stock as he purchased the house in which he died. He paid full value for it, and believing it to be sound and honest, he advised a few friends to invest. One day he was cautioned to "unload," as it was termed in Wall street, and learned from the promoters that Emma was not a mine, but a pocket, and would soon be exhausted.

"I cannot do that," was the reply. "I have advised some near and dear friends to invest and if the Emma goes down I too must go down."

That was the speech of a man who never had any financial transaction but what was open to the scrutiny of the world, but there are certain anglomaniac snobs of American growth hanging about the area ways and kitchens of the nobility to gather items from servants to relash for American journals, who seized on this and went to abusing a man whose shoes they were not worthy to tie. But the matter was sensational and it swung through the press with almost the same volume as that of the Vienna affair.

Now I am not here to defend my General from any charge of this sort. His long life is in itself a complete de-

fense. He lived all the years of his honored career in the open at all times, and much under the fierce glare of public place. He occupied positions of trust in which he could have winked himself into millions. He went into office one of a crowd and he came out alone, the one poor man of the group. Plain and simple in his habits of life, he found his income sufficient for its wants. I parted with him some twelve years since, when he was thought to be dying of Bright's disease, and I was on my way to my home in Mac-o-chee to put my house in order, for I too was very ill. It was a sad parting as we smiled through our eyes dimmed in unshed tears, for we never expected to meet again this side of our graves. That was a sorrowful interview, but a sadder one was our last, in which he told me that he had lost his little place as legal advisor to the State Department, and had resumed the practice of the law. "I have one case," he said, "one in behalf of the Department clerks. There is not much money in it, but I hope, through it, to come into notice as a lawyer again."

When I heard this from my brave old friend, then approaching his eighty-first year, and remembered his long and eminent services, the situation seemed so pitiful that I had to turn away my head to hide my tears. Ah! my friends it is not that republics are ungrateful, but that they are mean. The *noblesse oblige* of European aristocracy has no place with us. We cannot be generous, even with other people's money.

General Schenck was a man of the strictest integrity, but it always seemed to me that it manifested itself more in his high sense of honor. He treated dishonor that approached him as an insult. I could never imagine any one making a dishonest proposition to him. He made no profession of high morality, and after all I rather think that the virtue is like one's stomach, when in good order we do not know that it is there. When the knowledge comes to us the organ is injured.

General Schenck's most marked trait was in his intense

personality. It was strikingly American, not only in its high patriotism but his versatility. Born through many generations upon our soil, the strong blood of his race seemed to take in each birth some new quality from its environment. From this junction of qualities from mixed races comes the happy adaptability of the American character. It was vividly illustrated in my general. As a lawyer he would have stood at the head of his profession. He turned from this to lead as a politician with a power that approached statesmanship. As a soldier, a debater on the floor of the House, as a diplomate he shone unrivalled in some and unequaled in others. He grew old with grace and dignity, surrounded by his loved and loving daughters. He lived out the sum of his grand life; and when at last he folded his cloak about him to lie down to pleasant dreams, he could say with the poet Shelly:

“Heartless things

Are done and said i' the world, and many worms,
And beasts, and men live on, and mighty earth,
From sea and mountain, city and wilderness,
In vespers low, or joyous orison,
Lifts still its solemn voice: but thou art gone,
Thou canst no longer know, or love, the shapes
Of this phantasmal scene, who have to thee
Been purest ministers, who are, alas!
Now thou art not.”

REST. SPIRIT REST.

SUNG BY MISS MARGARET COTTER AND THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Rest, spirit rest,

Thou art fled to realms of endless day,

Blest of heaven,

By warbling choirs of seraphs led,

Soar spirit, soar away,

Rest, spirit rest.

BENEDICTION.

BY REV. MORRIS E. WILSON, D. D.

And now, upon the proceedings of this hour; upon the generous words uttered; upon the hearts which have been stirred; upon the sacred memories revived; upon the convictions which, we trust, have been strengthened; may the smile of Heaven be bestowed, and may the blessing of Almighty God, grace, mercy and peace from Father, Son and Holy Spirit, come unto us all, go with us, and abide with us forevermore. Amen.

ORGANIZED 1884.

The Garfield Club

OF DAYTON, OHIO.

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